

Pretty Molly

PRETTY MOLLY 5119 A1

Pauline Ramsay Visalia, 1941

Pretty Molly, Pretty Molly Come go along with me Before we get married Some friends for to see

He lead her o'er hollers And valleys so deep At last Pretty Molly Began for to weep

Sweet William, sweet William Yore leading me astray An innocent love You shall betray

Pretty Molly, pretty Molly Yore guessin' jest right For I dug at yore grave One half of last night

Stand back, stand back No time, to stand And innocent he stood With a big knife in his hand

He stabbed her to the heart And her blood it did flow And into her grave Her body did go

Now ladymens and gentlemens I bid you do right For Gray was distracted And died the same night